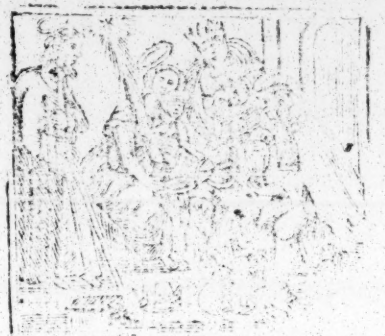


The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

The Birth of Christ



The Wise Men's Offering.



Joseph's Flight into Egypt.



Christ Baptized by John the Baptist.



Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.



Stephen Stoned.



Christ's Ascension.



A COPY of VERSES humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses
In the Parish of St. MARY, ISLINGTON,
By Edward Manton, Beadle and Bellman.

PROLOGUE.

ONCE more my Muse in humble Lays will sing,
And in soft Strains my Masters Praises bring:
Whilst I, kind Sirs, your Goodness do rehearse,
Let furly Critics grumble at my Verse;
I value not their poor ill-natur'd Spite,
So I can please my Masters when I write;
They know what flows from a poor Bellman's Muse,
And they, through Kindness, all my Faults excuse.

On St. MICHAEL.

THIS goodly Saint, from Heav'n's amazing Height,
Plung'd Lucifer, amidst th' Abyss of Night;
From Heav'n he cast him head-long down to Hell,
Loom'd with his devilish Train in Chains to dwell.
An Act so impious History can't record,
To turn a Traitor to the eternal Lord!
Ye Mortals hence, your Fate in Emblem see,
Such must the End of curst Ambition be.

On St. LUKE.

TO paint our Lord's great Worth, he took Delight,
And shew'd, to sinful Man, the Road to Right:
Unaw'd, by Pow'r, his holy Truths he taught;
And many, he, unto his Master brought;
Who feeling, wanting Christ, was wanting All,
They joyfully obey'd the heav'nly Call;
Attention gave unto his pious Voice,
And eagerly embrac'd the better Choice.

On St. ANDREW.

THIS pious Saint, push'd on by holy Zeal,
Often he strove Christ's Doctrine to reveal;
With heav'nly Thoughts he always was inspir'd,
And with eternal Joys was ever fir'd;
Preach'd up to Sinners the great Charms of Heav'n,
And the Reward for true Repentance giv'n:
When Death him seiz'd, he glory'd in his Chains,
And with undaunted Courage brav'd his Pains.

On St. THOMAS.

ST. Thomas, he with Sinners always strove,
And did with pious Zeal Christ's Doctrines prove;
But Want of Faith in him, was a great Stain,
And gave this holy Saint the utmost Pain;
At last convinc'd, he, with true Sorrow, prays,
And sings, with earnest Joy, his Maker's Praise.
Then beg'd that God would grant him some Relief,
And pardon his great Fault of Unbelief.

On CHRISTMAS EVE.

WITH what Exactness now the cleanly Lads,
Displays her glittering Pewter and her Brads,
Bedeck'd with Holly, Bays, and Ivy green,
To charm the Hearts of those by whom it's seen.
And soon as e'er the joyful Morn does rise,
The industrious Maid prepares her Christmas Pies,
Then spits her Beef and Turkeys for to roast,
And sprightly Youths rejoice o'er Ale and Toast.

On CHRISTMAS DAY.

HAIL to this happy and most glorious Morn,
On which our Lord and Saviour Christ was born!
The wond'ring Angels, with united Voice,
Call on us drowsy Mortals to rejoice;
For the immortal God to Earth's come down,
That mortal Man might gain a heav'nly Crown;
To cancel all that e'er was done amiss,
And make Men Heirs to everlasting Bliss.

On St. STEPHEN.

WHEN Persecution first began to spread,
St. Stephen was to Execution led;
He was the first the cruel Trial made,
With Courage bold, and not the least afraid;
Tho' ston'd to Death, he for them all did pray,
That Heav'n the Charge would not upon them lay:
His pious Soul to those blest Mansions flew,
Where open were his Sufferings for to view.

On St. JOHN.

ST. John, like Christ of Courage meek and mild,
And to was Christ's belov'd Disciple fill'd;
He often leant upon his Saviour's Breast,
A Friend never granted to the rest.
Tho' cruel Wretches oftimes us'd him ill,
And thought in boiling Oil this Saint to kill;
But all in vain, tho' they with Rage were fir'd,
To Patmos Isle he went, and there expir'd.

On INNOCENTS DAY.

THE Horrors of this Day, oh, who can bear!
When Mothers for their Children raving were!
Torn from their Arms a thousand Infants fled,
But God be prais'd, the heav'nly Babe was fled;
By which he escap'd the cruel Tyrant's Rage,
That neither Tears nor Prayers could e'er assuage:
'I was all in vain from Herod's Power to fly,
For he decreed that every Male should die.

On NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

THUS Time moves swiftly, and it will not stay;
But hastens forward to the Judgment-day.
The New Year's come, the old Year now is past;
This Year we see; but this may be the last.
Examine then your State: Oh, seek to know
If Jesus call'd you, would you gladly go,
And meet him in the Air? for this may be
The Day which he intends to call for Thee.

On TWELFTH DAY.

THE Eastern Sages on this happy Day,
To seek our Saviour out, pursu'd their Way:
O'er Hills and barren Plains they journey'd far,
And walk'd with Joy, directed by a Star.
In Mem'ry of this Day, ye sprightly Fair,
Your icy Cakes and sparkling Ale prepare,
And when for King and Queen you draw your Lot,
May not too hickle Fortune place a Slut.

On the KING and QUEEN.

COULD I, ye Royal Pair, my Genius raise,
To find out Words sufficient for your Praise,
With high and lofty Thoughts my Verse should shine,
To paint that Pair in whom all Virtues join.
A Pair thus blest in one another's Love,
Is a true Emblem of the Just above:
And as in mutual Joys your Days you spend,
May you partake those Joys which know no End.

To my MASTERS.

MY worthy Sirs, may Heaven point out a Pray'r
Great as your Love, of your peculiar Care,
All Things that may disturb you while you sleep,
I will you all in harmless Safety keep;
Dangers that I with Trouble may go thro',
Dangers that may require Applause from you;
For to you all is my just Homage sent,
Wishing Health with Happiness and Content.

To my MISTRESSES.

MY Muse in softest Lays designs to sing,
Tis your great Goodness gives her Fancy wing,
Excites the Mind, and, with the utmost Joy,
Does his fine Gifts exceedingly employ.
What is't that Man would willingly not do,
When they are blest with Mistresses like you?
Who do at Christmas Time most gay appear,
To help their Bellman to some dainty Fare.

To the YOUNG MEN.

CONSIDER now you're in your Bloom, and well;
What Sin doth do, it leads a Way to Hell:
The greatest Good that can be done, is this,
Strive all you can to obtain your future Bliss:
For there's no one that ever yet was found,
Who doth in gentle Happiness abound,
But is a Slave to Gold that Fortune gives,
Or else a Slave to Fortune while he lives.

To the MAIDS.

HOW vast delightful shews the blooming Maid,
In all her tender Innocence array'd!
But then, my Fair, of vicious Men beware,
Who daily strive to lay a trapping Snare;
And when they have the cruel Conquest made,
Honour adieu! the innocent She's betray'd!
Her Virtue lost, she, surely, mourns in vain,
When once it's gone, can ne'er retrieve again.

On CRISPIN.

THIS joyful Day your Patron he does claim,
To celebrate the Memory of his Name.
Are any of the Craft so full of Care,
They'll not a Day for Royal Crispin spare?
For shame, ye Crispins, let it not be said,
You did so much Dishonour to your Trade;
But drink full Bumpers to that princely Name,
Whose Mem'ry gives you all immortal Fame.

On CHARITY SCHOOLS.

ON Vanities let others Wealth dispute,
And all their Vanities hereafter curse:
What giv'n in Charity will ne'er be found
To bring Repentance, or the Conscience wound.
How noble 'tis to train our helpless Youth
To Piety, to Knowledge, and to Truth!
To teach them early to industrious Toil,
To grace in Times to come Britannia's Isle.

The BELLMAN'S PRAYER.

MAY Heav'n our daily Actions ever guide,
That we from Wickedness may turn aside,
May we no Feuds encourage or create,
Nor cause no Bruils e'er to disturb the State;
But to each other always be a Friend,
And willingly our kind Assistance lend.
Bless my good Masters, and their virtuous Fair,
This is my Wish as well as hearty Prayer.

EPILOGUE.

WITH mighty Labour and a Rack of Thought,
The Muse her Task has to a Period brought.
In it no lofty Thoughts or Beauties shine,
But many Errors crowd in every Line.
Such as it is, to you I humbly send,
Hoping you'll be its Patron and its Friend;
And let your kind Acceptance of it be,
Another Instance of your Love to me.

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The Lord's Supper.



Judas Betrays Christ.



Peter denies Christ.



Christ's Crucifixion.



The Resurrection.

